

Sandy Denny, One More Chance

Calling all olive branches and laid-off doves
There is work to do before we say good-bye.
But who can see them turning to the face of love?
Though I hear them pleading with me, "Don't let us die,"
As I sit, I can see their troubled souls wander by,
And I feel them leaning on my shoulder to cry,
"Oh, oh one more chance."

The naked tree of winter seems to stand so proud,
Lording the poor mortal as he goes.
And the tears which well beneath his sombre shroud,
Will they fall with the shame of somebody who knows
He can never be like the thought of a rose
Whose beauty remains even though the bloom goes?
"Oh, oh one more chance."

Oh is it too late to change the way we're bound to go?
Is it too late? Then surely one of us must know.

(repeat last verse)